

# DIRE STRAITS



Rondor



  
chappell



## **DIRE STRAITS**

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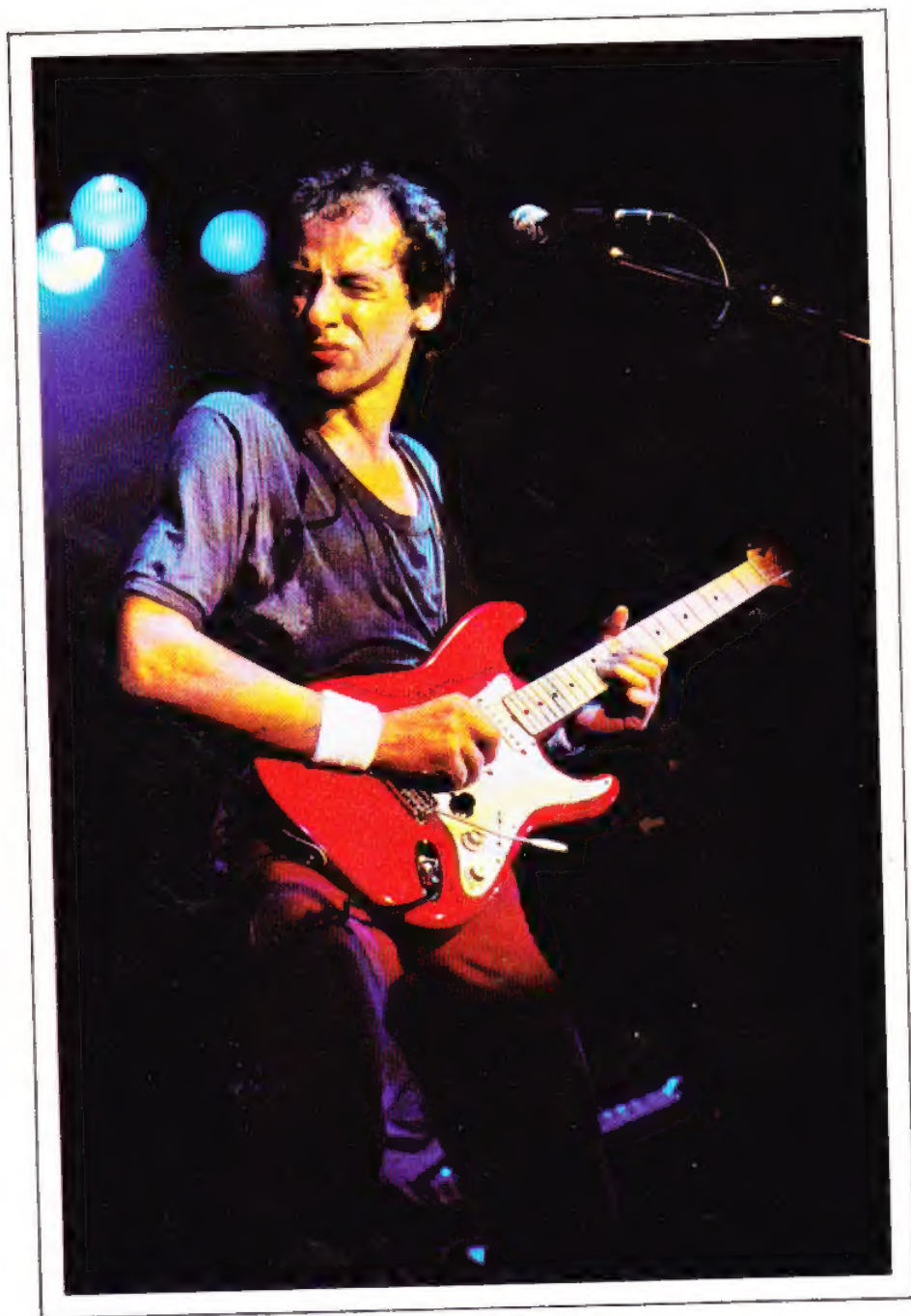
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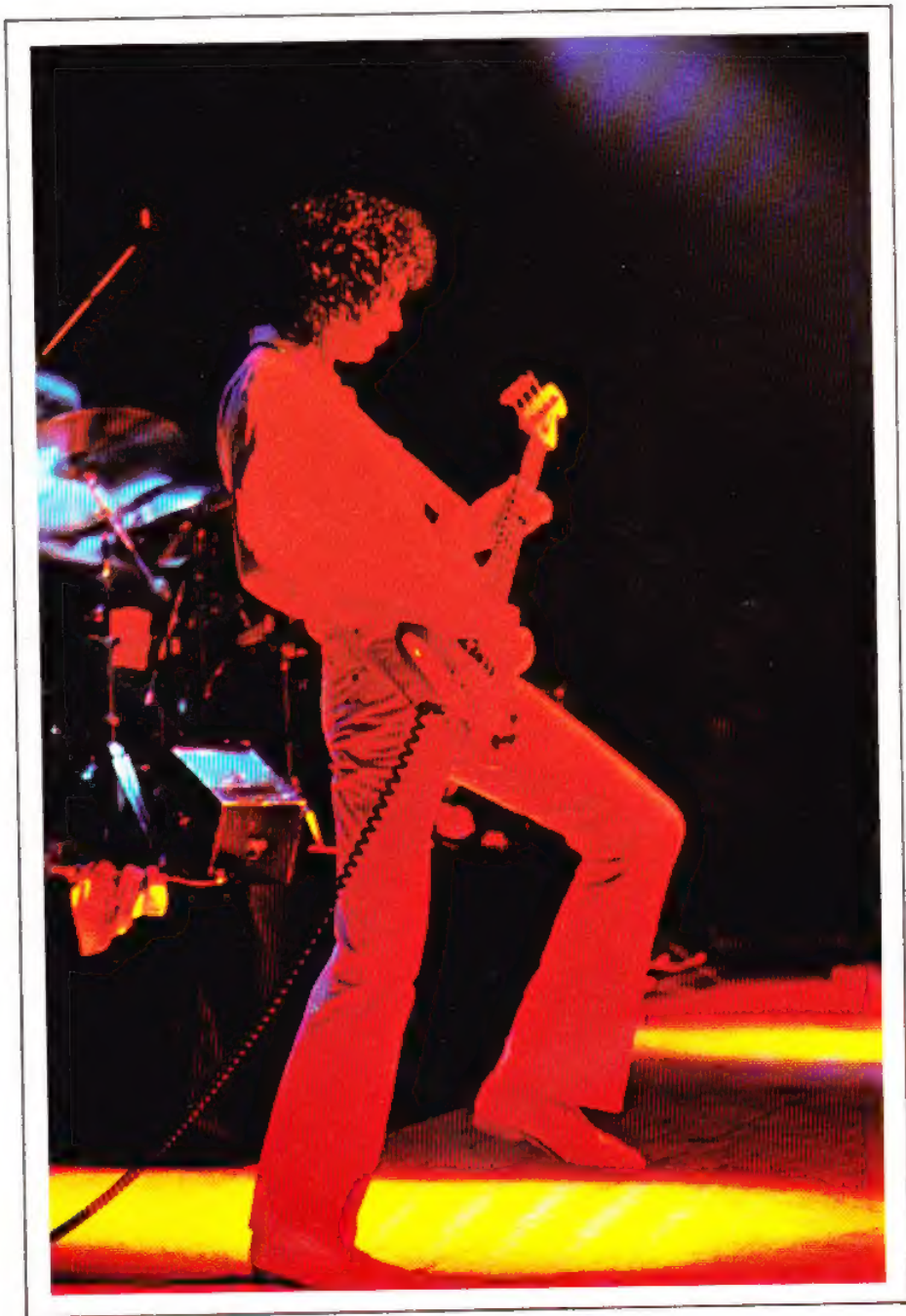
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**MARK KNOPFLER**



**DAVID KNOPFLER**

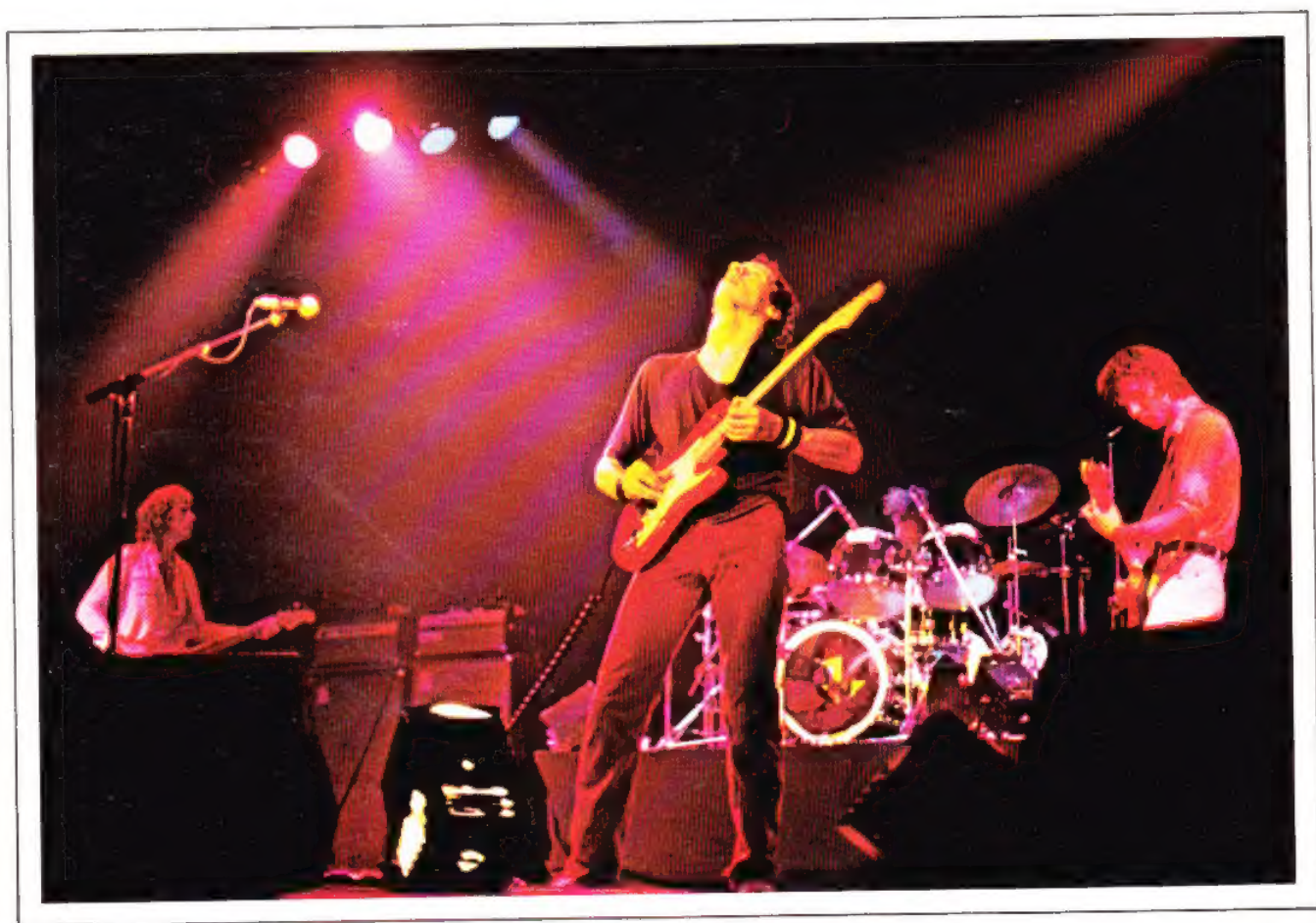


**JOHN ILLSLEY**





  
**PICK WITHERS**



Bring! Bring! ... Urring! Bring! ...

"Yes, who is it?"

"John Stainze from Phonogram"

"Oh bloody hell, I haven't got time to talk to him! ... oh, go on then, put him through."

"'Ello, Ed?"

"Yes, hello John, what can I do you for then?"

"Well, we've just signed this new band 'Dire Straits' and I was wondering ..."

hang on, hang on. What a terrible name ..."

"Nah come on Ed, seriously, they're great and they need some work and I was wondering if you'd be interested in being their agent?"

"Look John, you know I only handle American acts. I've got an opening slot going on the Talking Heads tour next January though. What are they like?"

"Great. I've got a demo tape here, why don't you come round and give it a listen?"

"But I'm busy".

"Come on, come over now. Seriously, they're great ..."

Well luckily for me, John Stainze persisted and at about 5.45pm on December 9th 1977 I got my first taste of Dire Straits. I was sufficiently impressed to go and see them at Dingwalls (a north London 'hip' night club) the following Tuesday, and knew after thirty seconds of "Down To The Waterline" that I wanted to manage them. I remember that several things struck me at the time (apart from flying bottles): firstly, the band played at a comfortable volume and I didn't find myself flying through the back wall of the club, secondly Mark played guitar like Hank Marvin would have done if he'd taken L.S.D., thirdly they looked good, and lastly the songs were superb. With a brilliant, dynamic manager at the helm, how could they go wrong.

The story of the manager has yet to be told (shortly to appear in my book titled "Everyone A Scumbag") but meanwhile, here are the songs, including the commas. I wonder if I'll get to write the intro for Volume 2?

*Ed Bicknell*



# DOWN TO THE WATERLINE

words & music by  
mark knopfler

guitar a piacere (over quayside noises, ships sirens etc)

accel - - - *f* (echo) *pp* rit *mf* a tempo

The guitar introduction is written on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. It features a series of eighth-note triplets that gradually accelerate, followed by a short echo in fortissimo (f), then a decrescendo to pianissimo (pp), a brief ritardando (rit), and finally a return to the original tempo (a tempo) in mezzo-forte (mf).

a tempo (moderate)

G Bm

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'a tempo (moderate)' and the dynamics are mezzo-forte (mf). Chords G and Bm are indicated above the staff.

G Bm small notes optional

This section continues the piano introduction. The right hand features more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note runs. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. Chords G and Bm are indicated. A note 'small notes optional' is written above the final measure.

Bm F#m A E Bm

sweet sur-ren—der on the quay—side  
near—miss-es on the dog leap stair—ways

The first vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. Chords Bm, F#m, A, E, and Bm are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: 'sweet sur-ren—der on the quay—side near—miss-es on the dog leap stair—ways'.

Bmsus4 Bm7 Bm F#m A E

you re-mem—ber — we used to run and hide —  
french kiss-es in the dark-ened door — ways

The second vocal line continues the melody in G major, 2/4 time. Chords Bmsus4, Bm7, Bm, F#m, A, and E are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: 'you re-mem—ber — we used to run and hide — french kiss-es in the dark-ened door — ways'.

in the shadow of the car goes I take you one time we're  
a fog horn blow-in' out all wild and cold - a

count-in' all the numbers down to the wa-ter-line yes -  
po-lice-man he shines a light on my shoul-der -

2. 3. Bm G

3 solo

Bm G A

Bm 4. Bm

(to verse 3)  
(to verse 4) wa-ter - line -





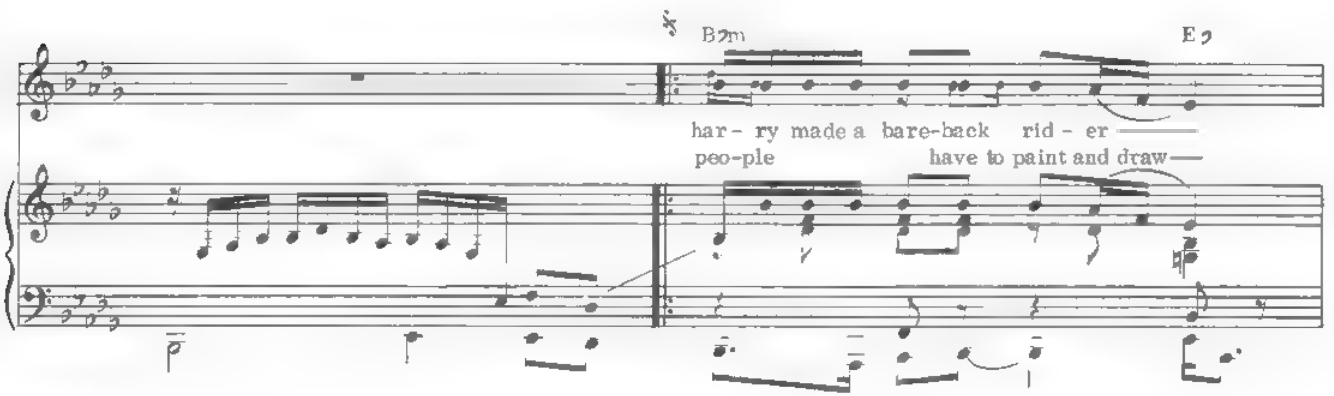
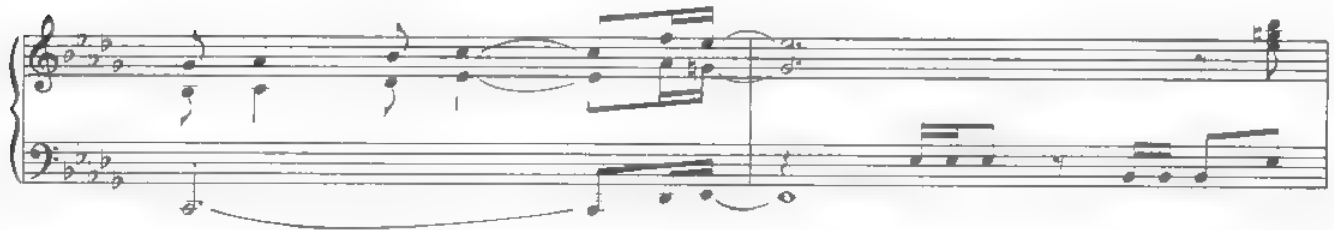
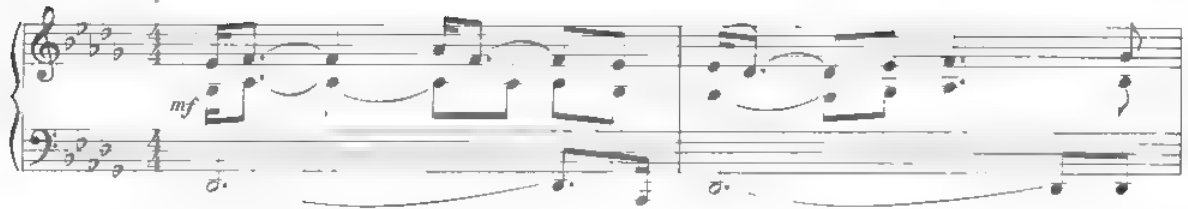
3. up comes a coaster fast and silent in the night  
 over my shoulder all you can see are the pilot lights  
 no money in our jackets and our jeans are torn,  
 your hands are cold but your lips are warm.
4. she can see him on the jetty where they used to go  
 she can feel him in the places where the sailors go  
 when she's walking by the river and the railway line,  
 she can still hear him whisper, let's go down to the waterline.

# IN THE GALLERY

11

words & music by  
mark knopfler

slow tempo



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B7m D7 E7 Asus4 E7 E7  
 and a fine coal min - er  
 like the waves com-in' in to the shore

B7m E7 B7m E7  
 for the n. e. b. that was—  
 it was in his blood— and in his bones—

B7m D7 A7 B7m E7  
 he was ig nored by all a fall - en an - gel  
 the trend - y boys in

B7m E7 1. B7m E7  
 a je - sus on the cross —  
 lon-don yes and in — leeds

B7 D7 E7 A7 B7m E7  
 a skat-ing bal-ler- in - a

B $\flat$ m F $\sharp$  B $\flat$ m E $\flat$   
 you should have seen her do the ska-ters' waltz. —

B $\flat$ m D $\flat$  A $\flat$  2. 3. 4. 5. B $\flat$ m  
 some he might as well have been mak-ing toys —

D $\flat$  A $\flat$  D $\flat$   
 or strings of beads — he could-n't be

A $\flat$   
 ne could-n't be

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m E $\flat$   
 in the gall-er-y

mp



to  $\oplus$  codaD.  $\frac{5}{4}$  al  $\oplus$ 

in the gall er-y

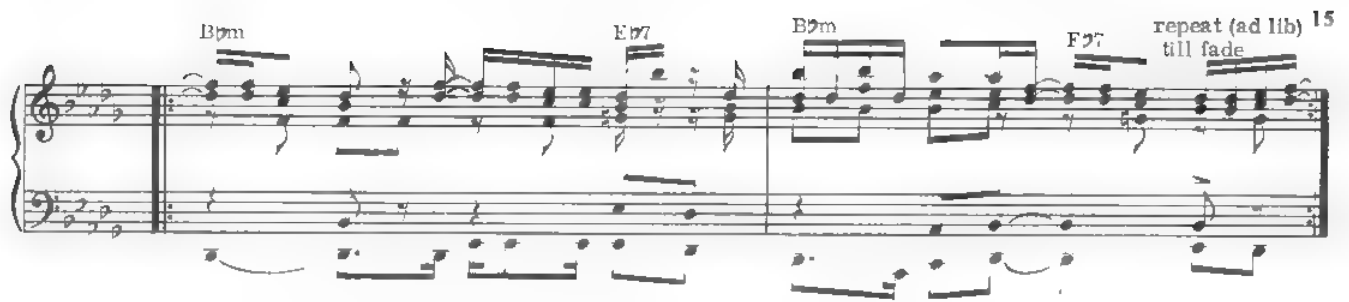
to verse 3  
to verse 4 (instr)  
to verse 5  $\frac{3}{4}$

$\oplus$  CODA

har - ry made a bare - back rid - er

made a bare - back rid - er

gallery - 4 of 5



harry made a bareback rider  
 proud and free upon a horse  
 and a fine coal miner  
 for the n.c.b. that was  
 a fallen angel  
 a jesus on the cross  
 a skating ballerina  
 you should have seen her do the skater's waltz

some people have got to paint and draw  
 harry had to work in clay and stone  
 like the waves comin' to the shore  
 it was in his blood and in his bones  
 he was ignored by all  
 the trendy boys in london  
 yes, and in leeds  
 he might as well have been making toys  
 or strings of beads  
 he couldn't be, no he couldn't be in the gallery  
 in the gallery

and then you get an artist  
 he says he doesn't want to paint at all  
 and he takes an empty canvas  
 sticks it on the wall  
 the birds of a feather  
 all the phonies and all of the fakes  
 while the dealers they get together  
 then they decide who gets the breaks  
 and who's gonna be ha ha'  
 who's gonna be in the gallery, in the gallery

instrumental

no lies, he wouldn't compromise  
 no junk, no string  
 and all the lies we subsidise them  
 that just don't mean a thing  
 i've got to say  
 he passed away in obscurity  
 and now all the vultures  
 they're comin' down from the tree  
 and he's gonna be  
 yeah he's gonna be in the gallery, in the gallery

# LIONS

words & music by  
mark knopfler

medium tempo  
D

*p* grad. cresc.

Dm Bm7

F#7-10 Bm7

*mf*

red church sun bell

D A G7

goes down way ov-er dir-ty town  
cling-ing on try'n' to get a crowd for ev-en-song

Bm7 D A

no-bod-y cares star-lings are sweep-ing a-round cra-zy shoals-  
to de-pend up-on the chime it plays -

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E7 Bm7 D

yes and a girl — is there —  
they're all in the sta-tion pray-ing for trains —

A G7 Bm7

high heel-ing it a - cross the square —  
the con-gre-ga-tions late a - gain — wind it blows a  
it's get-ting dark-er

D A

round in her hair —  
all the time — and the flags up-on the  
these flag - pole

E9 Em7

poles days wait-ing in the crowd to cross at the light —  
drunk old sol-dier he gives her a fright — he's a

F#7-9 F#7 Bm7

she looks a-round to find a face — she can like  
cra-zy il - on howl - ing for — a — fight

1. F# C9

Bm7

ah

F# C9

ad. lib. solo

Bm7

D

A

G9

Bm7 (ad. lib.)

D. 4/4 (3rd verse) alff

F#m7 Bm

F#m F#7 10

♩ coga

G

A

G

i'm think-ing 'bout the li - ons think - ing 'bout the

A G A

li - ons what hap-pened to the li - ons to -

3 times Bm F#m Bm

- night to — night

3 times A (no 3rd) Repeat (ad lib treatment) till fade

think - ing 'bout the li - ons

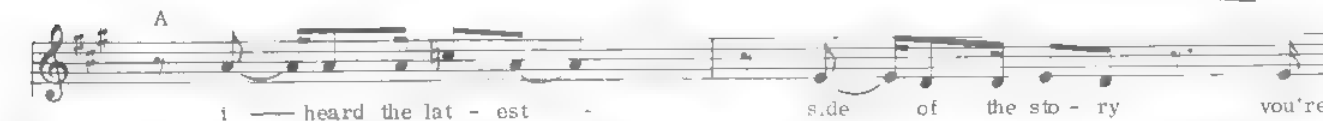
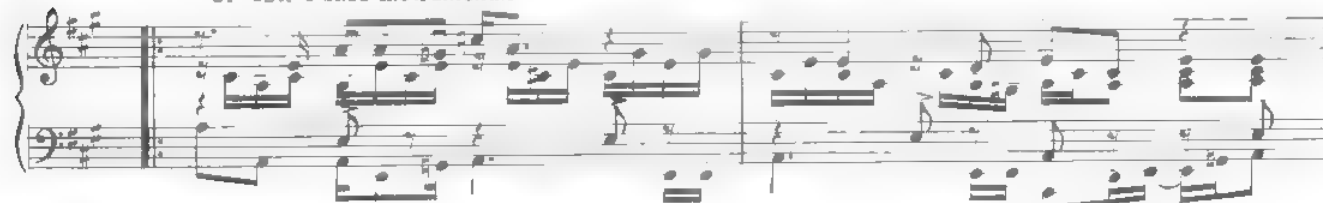
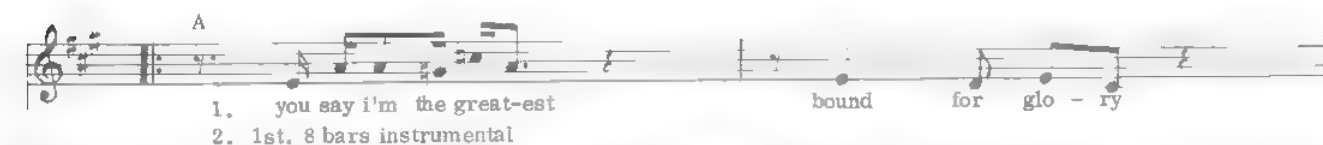
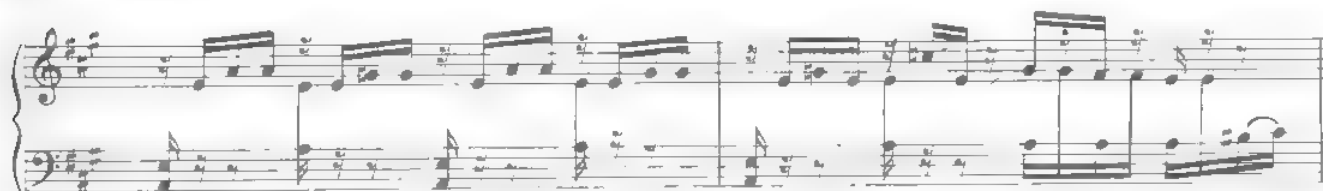
3. strap hanging gunshot sound,  
 doors slamming on the overground.  
 starlings are tough but the lions are made of stone.  
 her evening paper is horror torn  
 but there's hope later for capricorns,  
 her lucky stars give her just enough to get her home.  
 then she's reading about a swing to the right  
 but she's been thinking 'bout a stranger in the night.



# SETTING ME UP

words & music by  
mark knopfler

moderately slow (fast 2 feel)



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G D7 A

pull - ing out be - fore you get burned and your

hands — are squeez-in' me down — to the bone — i  
2. you think i care a - bout your re - ac - tion

Em D7

nev - er saw you break ing no law  
you think i don't un - der - stand

A

stands to rea - son i've got to leave you a - lone —  
all you want - ed was a piece of the ac - tion now you

G D7 A C

what are you tak - ing me for you're set - ting me up —  
talk a - bout an - oth - er man

A7 D

to put me down

E7

you're just a - mak - ing me out —

E (sus 4) A A7

to be your clown —

you're just set - ting me up — to put me down —

D

you bet - ter

E (sus 4)

give it up — yeh give it up — quit your mess-ing a-round—

1.

A

instrumental on repeat

2.

E7 ad lib solo

A

E7

A

A (no 5th)

# SIX BLADE KNIFE

words & music by  
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

Am7 C D Am7 C D

mp 2 x full ad lib

Am7 C D Am7 C D

2. C D Am7 C D

your six blade - knife can do an y-thing for you -  
(D,C)(3) ev - 'ry take a - way my and like you take a - way the top of a tin -

Am7 C D Am7

when you come up from be - hind and lay -

C D7 Am7 C D7

an - y-thing you wan - na do  
it - down cold on my - skin took a stone -



Am7 C D7 Am7

one blade for break ing my heart, — one blade for  
— from my soul when I was lame just so you could

C D7 Am7 C D To Coda

tear ing me a part, your s.a blade knife can do an y thing — for you  
make me tame yes you take a way my mind — like you take a way the top of a tin —

1. Am7 C D 2. Am7 C D

you can

Dm7 C G


i d like to be free — of it now i don't

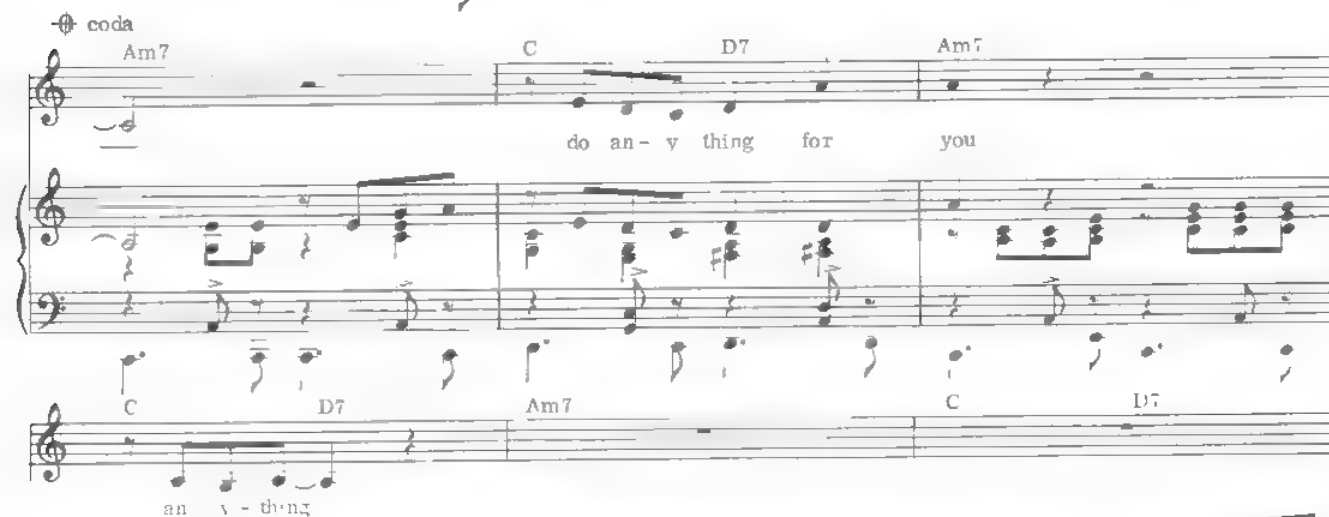
D Dm7 C

want it no more — i'd rath-er be — free — of it now



(you know) I don't want it no more

 coda




do an-y thing for you

an y - thing



an y - thing



repeat with ad lib guitar till fade

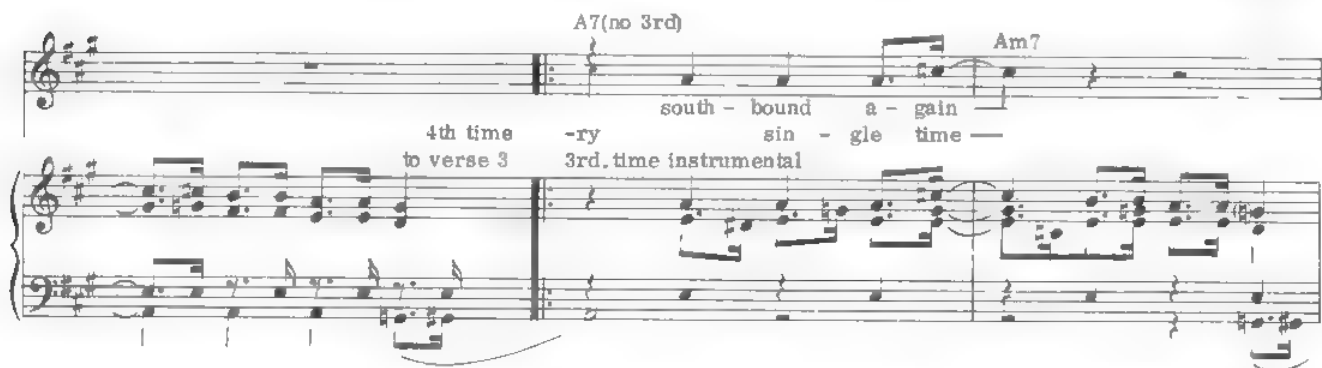
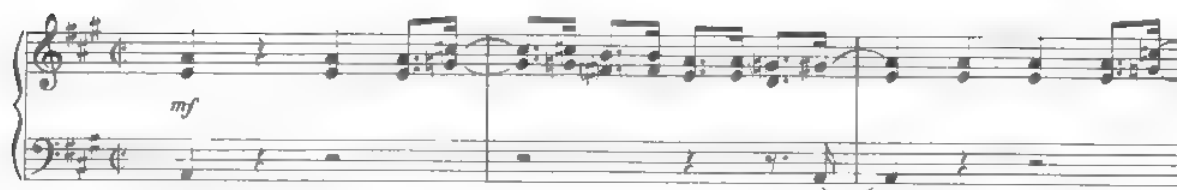
ev'rvbody got a knife.  
 it can be just what they want it to be.  
 a needle, a wife, or something that you just can't see.  
 a six blade knife it keeps you strong  
 ves and it'll do me wrong.  
 your six blade knife  
 do anything for you

# SOUTHBOUND AGAIN

27

words & music by  
mark knopfler

[ - - - - - 4 beat feel - - - - - ]



A7(no 3rd)      Am7      A7(no 3rd)      Am7  
 south - bound a - gain  
 ev - 'ry sin - gle time

D7      D7  
 don't know if i'm go -  
 roll a - cross the

Am7  
 — ing or leav - ing home  
 roll - ing riv - er tyne

but this      i      boy get is bound - to be  
 the same — old

D7  
 mov - ing —      seems like the boy -  
 feel - ing —      ev - 'ry time i'm

D7sus4 A7(no 3rd) Am7

is bound to roam  
mov - ing down the line

1 to coda 2 3 D.C. al

ev - er -

3 x inst.

coda A7 no 3rd repeat (ad lib solo) till fade

3. southbound again  
last night i felt like crying (like crying)  
southbound again  
last night i felt like crying.  
right now i'm sick of living  
but i'm gonna keep on trying





D9 D

lost and lone-ly in  
cry - ing out — for some

ev - er - y way — got the  
sooth - ing rain —

D7 D7sus1 D

Am

lats all a round — ne the s a a a boye —  
le — love have ta - ken en - o ga —

guess i need a lit - tle  
guess i need a lit - tle

(-10) D7

wat - er o l e  
wat - er c .

wat - er of love —

deep in the ground — but there ain't no wa - ter here —

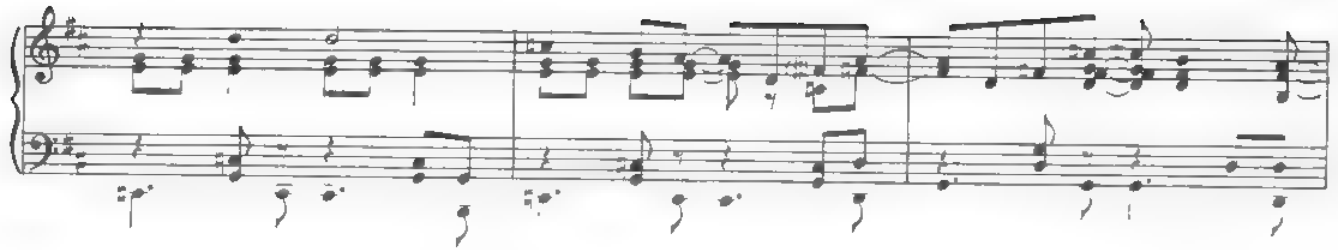
to be found — some day ba — by when the riv - er runs free it's gon - na

car - ry that wa - ter of love to me —

love to me (river of)

coda

love to me —



Am

C6

Repeat (ad lib guitar) till fade



3. there's a bird up in a tree, sitting' up high  
 sits there waiting for me to die.  
 if i don't get some water soon  
 i'll be dead and gone in the afternoon.  
 water of love deep in the ground  
 but there ain't no water here to be found.  
 some day baby when the river runs free.  
 it's gonna carry that water of love to me.
4. once i had a woman i could call my own  
 once i had a woman now my woman she's gone  
 once there was a river now there's a stone  
 you know it's evil when you're living alone.  
 water of love deep in the ground  
 but there ain't no water here to be found.  
 some day baby when the river runs free,  
 it's gonna carry that water of love to me.

## WILD WEST END

words & music by  
mark knopfler

slow tempo

*mf*

3

step-ping out to an ge luc-ci's- for my cof fee beans-  
-duc-tress on the num-ber nine - teen snewasa con ey

D Em7 G

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D Em7 G

check-ing out the mov-ies and the mag-a-zines —  
pink toe - nails and hands all — dir - ty with the mon ey

D Em7 G

the wait ress she watch es ne cross-ing from the ba-roc-co bar —  
greas-y greas-y greas-y hair ca - sy smile —

D Em7 G

I get a pick-up for my steel gui-tar — saw you  
she made me feel nine-teen for a while —

D Em7 G

( $\frac{3}{4}$  is verse 3) walk-ing out — shafts - bu - ry av - en - ue  
and i went down — to chl - na - town —

D Em7 G

ex - cuse me talk - ing i wan-na mar - ry you —  
in the back room it's a man's - world all the mon-ey go down —

D Em7 G

this is sev - enth hea - ven street don't you be so proud -  
 duck in - side the door - way got - ta duck to eat -

D Em7 G

you're just an - oth - er an - gel in - the crowd - and i'm  
 there ain't no way you and me we can't beat - and i'm

D Fm7 G

walk - ing in the wild west end

D Fm7 G

walk - ing in the wild west end

D Fm7 ( To Coda

walk - ing with your wild best friend

Am G I D C D

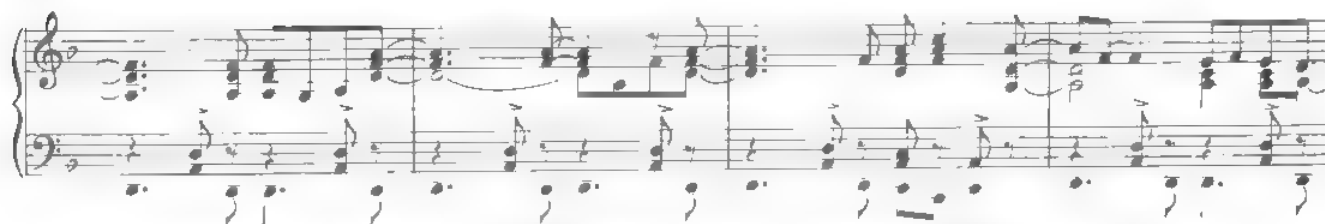
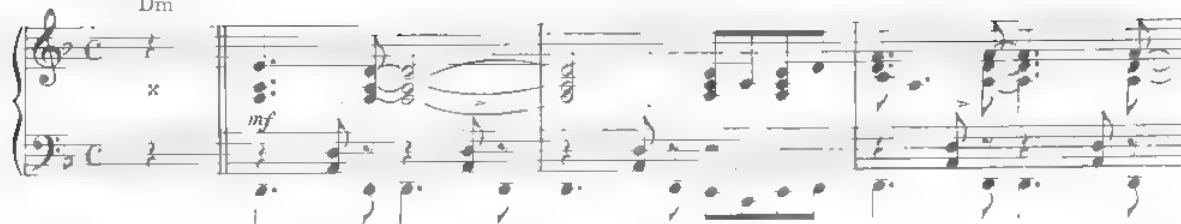
now my cop now a (to verse 3)

coda Am G I D C D

rit.

3. now a go-go dancing girl,  
 yes i saw her  
 the dee-jay he say,  
 here's mandy for ya  
 i feel alright to see her,  
 but she's paid enough to do that stuff,  
 she's dancing high, i move on by  
 the close-ups can get rough  
 and i'm walking in the wild west end.  
 walking in the wild west end  
 walking with your wild best friend.

## SULTANS OF SWING

easy tempo  
Dm

dix-ie dou-ble four time - you feel al-right ah but the  
-tion too ma-ny oth-er pla-ces.

when you hear the mu sic ring.  
horns they're blow-in' that

2. well now you sound

way on dow - south way on down so th

lon-don town.

to ♪ coda after last verse D. ♪ al ♪

3. you check out  
(To 3rd verse)

♪ coda

Repeat with ad lib  
solos till fade

## ADDITIONAL VERSES

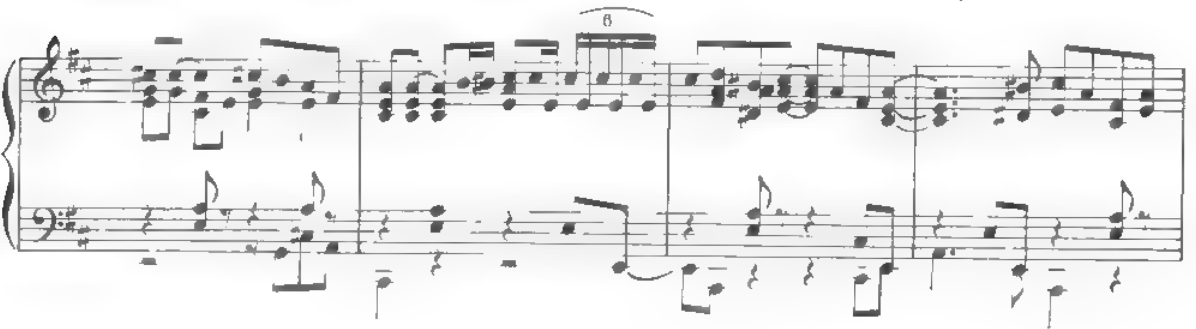
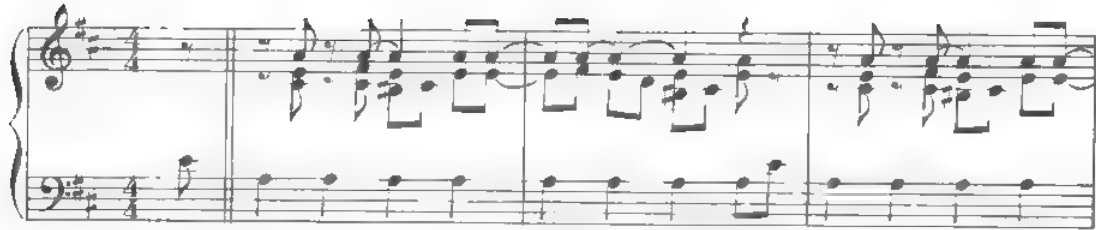
3. you check out guitar george, he knows all the chords.  
mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or sing.  
this and an old guitar is all he can afford,  
when he gets up under the lights to play his thing.
4. and harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene.  
he's got a daytime job, he's doin' all right.  
he can play the honky-tonk like anything,  
savin' it up for friday night  
with the sultans, with the sultans of swing.
5. and a crowd of young boys, they're foolin' around in the corner,  
drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles.  
they don't give a damn about any trumpet playin' band;  
it ain't what they call rock and roll.  
and the sultans, yeah the sultans, they played creole.
6. instrumental
7. and then the man, he steps right up to the microphone  
and says, at last, just as the time-bell rings:  
"good night, now it's time to go home."  
and he makes it fast with one more thing:  
"we are the sultans, we are the sultans of swing."



# COMMUNIQUÉ

41

words & music by  
mark knopfler



Bm G A7-9 A<sup>#0</sup> Bm

we wan-na get a state-ment— for je-sus' sake  
may-be he could talk a - bout the tricks of the trade

G A Bm G

it's like a talk-ing to the wall he's in - com - u - ni - ca - do no  
may-be he can talk a - bout him - self may-be he could talk a - bout the

F<sup>#7</sup>/A<sup>#</sup> Bm A G

com - ment to make — he's say - ing noth - ing at all —  
mon - ey that he made may — be he's be say - ing some - thing

A G D/F<sup>#</sup>

else yeah but in the com - mu - ni - que you know he's  
but in the  
but in the

Em7 D/F# G D/F# Em7 D/F#

gon - na come clean think what he say — say — what he means may —

G D/F# Em7 D/F#

— be in a mon - day he's got some-thing to say —  
he'll have

G A

com - mu - ni - ca - tion com - mu - ni -

Bm to coda 1. A

- que com - mu - ni - que

A

que

A

well now the

ru-mours are fly-ing

spec - u - la - tion rife —

they

say that he's been try — ing some —

o - c - e - l - s - e - s - w - i - f - e      s - o - m - e - b - o - d - y    a - t    t - h - e    a - i - r - p - o - r - t    s - o - m - e -

- b - o - d - y    o - n    t - h - e    p - h - o - n - e      s - a - y - s    h - e - s    a - t    t - h - e    s - t - a - t - i - o - n    a - n - d    h - e - s    c - o - m - i - n - g    h - o - m - e    a    l - o - n - e -

coda

Bm      A      A

c - o - m - m - u - n - i - q - u - e

Repeat (ad lib treatment) till fade

3. then we get the story  
 the serious piece  
 and a photograph taken in the hall  
 and you don't have to worry with the previous release  
 right now he's saying nothing at all  
 but in the communique you know he's gonna come clean  
 think what he say say what he mean  
 maybe on a monday he'll have something to say  
 communication  
 communique  
 communique

# ANGEL OF MERCY

words & music by  
mark knopfler

well there's a pet-er pan moon shep herd's de-light i got the  
(half spoken) too late for talkin' we can talk later on let the

dra - gon at noon — yes and i won the fight — now i  
sax - o - phone play us till the cho - rus of dawn — all i

want my re - ward — in hea - ven to - night — just like you  
need is a lit - tle o - bliv - ion you don't need pro -

pro-mised an — gel of mer - cy you'll  
tec - tion well now here — come the moon — light



C E D C  
 come to no harm— down on your knee— an-gel of mer-cy there's no need for a-larm the  
 an-gel of mer-cy let your heart be your head—

E D C  
 knight in his ar-mour wants a night in your arms— you know he's  
 don't want your mon-ey i want you in-stead— don't need re-

D G D G C  
 hon-est-ect-ion— an-gel of mer-cy—

G D D<sup>9</sup> G  
 — gel de-light— give— me— my re-ward in— hea-ven to night and if i

C G  
 give up my sword— won't you give me the right— sweet an'

1. 2.  $\text{D}$

$\text{D}$

— gel de — light — well now it's an — gel of mer — cy give me

$\text{G}$   $\text{D}$

hea — ven to — night and if you cross your heart spit and swear up — on the grave of your

$\text{G}$   $\text{D}$

moth — er you got ta get in — to it you got ta

$\text{C}$

tell me that I'm more than a lov — er

$\text{D}$   $\text{E}$   $\text{D}$   $\text{C}$   $\text{D}$

instr.

E D C E D

C D D.  $\frac{3}{4}$  al  $\text{ff}$

$\text{ff}$  coda G C G

hea - ven to - night — an - gel of mer - cy an — gel de - light — give —

D D9 G C

me — my re - ward in — hea - ven to - night and if i give up my sword — won't you

G D G

give me the right — sweet an — gel of mer - cy give me hea - ven to - night —

# FOLLOW ME HOME

words & music by  
mark knopfler

7 times G B A/D

*pp* cresce poco a poco

Em7 G/B Em/D Em G/B A/D Em7 G/B Em7/D

1. oh well the

8 times ad lib treatment 3. instr.

*mf*

Em7 G/B Em7/D Em7 G/B A/D Em7 G/B Em7/D

sun go down cel - e - bra - tion in the  
2. priest he cries vir - gin as - cend - ing to the  
1. well, don't need no priest, but i love all of the peo - ple yes i

Em7 Em7/B Em/D Em7 G/B Em G6/D G6/B Am7

town to-night all day long — they been slaugh - ter - ing up - on the stone —  
skies to-night all day long — i have passed my time — a lone  
share the feast so drink up my wine — yes and the song in my bones —

Em7 Em7/B A/D Em7 Em7/B Em7/D Em G/B Em7/D

share out the meat —  
and when the church bell rung —  
I know the way —

Em7 Em7/B A/D Em7 Em7 Em7/B D

yeah — you real-ly like to eat  
I stayed out on the tow-er in the dy-ing sun — now  
I can see by the moon-light clear as the day—

G Em/B Em7 D to coda 1. Em Em7/B A/D

come on wo-man come — fol-low me home —  
come on wo-man come — fol-low me home —  
come on wo-man come — fol-low me home —

Em7 Em7/B Em D 2. Em7 A Em7 Em7/B Em/D (to 3rd verse)

well and the —

3. Em Bm/D Em A 4. Em D.  $\frac{5}{4}$  (instr)al

(to 4th verse)

coda D.  $\frac{5}{4}$  (instr)al fade

Em7 Cmaj9 D Em7 Cmaj9 D

3. instr.

4. well i don't need no priest  
 but i love all of the people yes i share the feast  
 so drink up my wine  
 yes and the song in my bones  
 i know the way  
 i can see by the moonlight clear as the day  
 come on woman come  
 follow me home

5. instr.



# LADY WRITER

53

words & music by  
mark knopfler

moderato

A B C#m A B

C#m A B C#m A B

la - dy writ - er on the t. v. — talking a bout the vir gin ma —  
(instrumental at D. 5/4)

C#m A B C#m A B

— ry — re-mind-ed me of you ex— pect-a-tions left to

G#m A B C#m

come up to — yeah la - dy writ- er on the t. v. —  
la - dywrit-er on the t. v. —

A B C#m A B C#m  
 yeah she had an-oth-er qual-i-ty the way you used to look  
 she had all— the brains and the beau-ty the picture does not fit

A B G#m A  
 and i know— you nev-er read a book — (vocal at D. 5/8) just the way — that her  
 you talk to — me when you felt like it —

E A  
 hair— fell down a round her face — and i re-

A C#m G#m F#m7  
 call my fall— from grace — (last time oh yeah an-oth er  
 only)

Am C#m To ♯ Co la 1. 2. C#m  
 time — an-oth er place hev

yes and your rich old man — you know he'd call her a dead ring — er —

you got the same com-mand — plus your mo-ther was a jazz sin-ger

hey

1. la - dy writ-er on the t. v. —  
2,3. la - dy writ-er on the t. v. —  
4. Instrumental. Repeat till fade

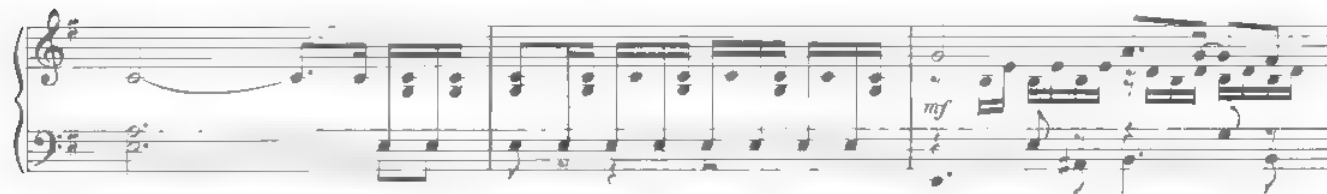
she knew all a - bout a - his - tor - y — you could-n't hard-ly write your  
talk-ing a-bout vir - gin ma - ry yeah you know i'm talk-ing

name i think i want you just — the same as the  
a bout you and me and the la - dy wri-ter on the t. v.

## NEWS

words & music by  
mark knopfler

moderate tempo



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Em Bm7 C G6/B

he says it's a shame — you know it may be a game — ah but i  
 he cross-es the floor — he o - pen the door — he take a

Am 1, 3, (4 inst) 5 2, 4 C

won't play to lose —  
 sniff of the street —

D C D

and she tell him that he's cra - zy — she's a - say-ing hev ba - by i'm your

Em C D C

wife yeah she tel, him that he's cra - zy

D C Am7

for gam-bl - ing a - with his life —

(to verse 3) <sup>6</sup> Am

(R.H.)

3. but he climbs on his horse  
 you know he feel no remorse  
 he just kicks it alive  
 his motor is fine  
 he take it over the line  
 until he's ready to dive

and she tell him that he's crazy  
 she's a saying hey baby i'm your wife  
 yeah she tell him that he's crazy  
 for gambling with his life

4. instr.

5. he sticks to his guns  
 he take the road as it comes  
 it take the shine off his shoes  
 he's too fast to stop  
 he take it over the top  
 he make a line in the news



# ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST

59

words & music by  
mark knopfler

*mf*  
a piacere

a tempo (medium)

1. instr. solo  
2. peo - ple get a cheap laugh break-  
3. no use say - ing that you

— ing up the speed lim - it  
don't know noth - ing

scar - ing the ped - es - trians  
yes it's still gon - na get you if you

for a min - ute  
don't do some - thing

cross - ing up pro - gress driv - ing on the  
sit - ting on a fence that's a - dan - ger - ous

G D7

grass — leav-ing just e-nough room to pass-  
course — oh you could ev - encatch a bul-let from the peace —

Am7 C Am

— keep-ing force sun - day driv - er nev - er took a test -  
ev - en the he-ro gets a bul - let in the chest —

Dm G

oh — yeah — once up-on a time in the  
oh — yeah — once up-on a time in the

Am7 1, 2, 3. 4, 5 Am7

west 2. some  
west 3 yes it's

solo

Dm7 F

Am G F

coda

Am7 Dm G

oh yeah once up-on a time in the

(small notes 4th time) once up on a time —

Am7 Dm

west oh yeah

G Am7 Repeat till fade

once up on a time in the west oh

## 4. instr.

5. mother mary your children are slaughtered  
 some of you mothers ought to lock up your daughters  
 who's protecting the innocent  
 heap big trouble in the land of plenty  
 tell me how we're gonna do what's best  
 you guess once upon a time in the west

oh yeah once upon a time in the west  
 oh yeah once upon a time in the west  
 oh yeah once upon a time in the west

# PORTOBELLO BELLE

words & music by  
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

C

F/C C

bel - la don - na's on the high street her breasts up-on the

F/C C F/C

off - beat - and the stalls are just the side - shows

C F/C C

vic - tor - i - an - a's old clothes and yes her jeans are

F C F  
 tight now she got - ta tra - vel light now  
 i - rish he get his mon - ey in a tin dish  
 (D,  $\frac{5}{8}$ ) rum - ble bel - la don - na's in the jun - gle

C F C  
 she's got - ta tear up all her roots now she got a turn up for the  
 just a cor - ner ser - en - a - der u - pon a time he could have  
 but she is no gar - den flow - er there is no dis - tress in the

F C F  
 boots now she thinks she's tough - she ain't no eng - lish rose  
 made her (made her) (D,  $\frac{5}{8}$ ) bel - la don - na walks bella don - na tak - ing a  
 tow - er

C F  
 stroll — but the blind sin - ger  
 but she don't care a - bout you win - dow box —

C

he's seen e-nough and he knows yes and he  
or your but-ton hole yes and she

B7 F7 C

do a song a-bout a long gone i rish girl  
sing a song a-bout a  
sing a song a-bout a

B7 F C to coda

ah but i got one for you por-to-bell-o belle

F C

she sees a man up-on his back there es-cap-ing from a  
yes and the bar-row boys are hawk-ing and a par-a keet is

C F

sack there and bel - la don - na lin - gers -  
squawk - ing up - on a truck there is a rhi - no -

C F C D.  $\frac{5}{4}$  al  $\text{C}$

her gloves they got no fin - gers -  
she get the cry - ing of a wi - no -  
yeah — the blind man sing - ing  
and then she hear the reg-gae

$\text{C}$  coda

C F C F

9 times (ad lib) gradual fade

C F C F

port - o - bel - lo belle —

Repeat till fade



# SINGLE-HANDED SAILOR

words & music by  
mark knopfler

4 beat feel

Dm7

Am/C

Dm7

G7

take repeat  
at D. 8

1. Dm7

2.

Dm

Dm

C

Bb

two in the morn-ing dry-dock town —  
yes and a sail - ing ship — just held down in chains —  
D. 8) he's up - on the bridge on the self same night —

F

Dm

C

Bb

the riv-er roll a - way in the night —  
from the la - zy days — of sail —  
the mar in - er of dry dock land

lit-tle gyp - sy moth - she's all tied down —  
 she's just a ly - ing there — in si - lent pain —  
 two in the morn - ing but — there's one green light —

she quiv - er in the wind and the light  
 he lean on the tour - ist - rail  
 and a man on a barge of — sand (no repeat at D. & )

1. F 2. F Arr.  
 a moth - er and her baby and the  
 she's a - gon - na slip a - way be - low -

col - lege of war — in — the con - crete graves —  
 — him a - way from the things he's done —

Csus4 C Dm Am/C

but he just you nev-er wan-na fight a-against— the  
shouts 'hey man —

B♭ F Gm

riv-er law — no - bod - y rules the waves—  
what you call this thing?" he could have said "pride —

B♭ C A7

— of london" yeah and on a night when the la - zy wind— is a—  
on a night when the la - zy wind— is a—

Dm C B♭

- wail - ing - a-round the cut- ty sark  
- wail - ing - a-round the cut - ty sark

C      sus4   C                      Dm                      C (sus4)   C7   B $\flat$

the  
yeah the } sin-gle hand- ed sail - or - goes sail —

F                      Gm                      B $\flat$                       D.  $\text{♩}$  al  $\text{♩}$

— ing sail-ing a-way — in the dark

$\text{♩}$  coda                      two times as is, then repeat with ad lib treatment till fade

Dm7

Am/C                      Dm7                      G7                      Dm $\text{m}$

# WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING ?

words & music by  
mark knopfler

moderate tempo

Am F

G E7sus4 Am

where d'ya think you're go-ing  
i un-der-stand your chang-es  
(%) where d'ya think you're go-ing

F G

don't you know it's dark out-side  
a-long be-fore you reach the door  
don't you know it's dark out-side

where d'ya think you're go-ing  
i know where you think you're go-ing— you  
where d'ya think you're go-ing

E7sus4 E7 Am

don't you care a-bout my pride  
i know what you came here for  
you don't seem to care a-bout my pride

where d'ya think you're go-ing  
and now i am sick of joking  
and now i am sick of joking

G

i think a - you don't know  
 you know i like you to be free  
 you know i like you to be free

you got no way of know-ing  
 a - where d'ya think ya go - ing  
 a - where d'ya think ya go - ing

E7sus4

there's real-ly no place you can go  
 i think you bet-ter go with me  
 i think you bet-ter go with me

to coda  
 Am Am/G

F Dm

1. F Am7

2. F G

you say there is no rea-son but you

Am G

still find cause to doubt — me — if you ain't with me girl —

E7sus4 Am

you're gon- na be with-out — me —

F Dm7 F D. 3/4 al

coda Am F Dm Repeat till fade (ad lib treatment)

(c'mon)

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